I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!! or I Don't Want This Final Story!!

Note: This is a non-canon parody SS written by Kamachi Kazuma around the time that he wrote Volume 14 of the main series.

A large river flowed near the center of District 7 and a large metal bridge spanned the river. The bridge was about 150 meters across. It was rather large, but it currently looked desolate due to being almost entirely empty.

It was nighttime and two people confronted each other on that unrefined bridge.

One was Kamijou Touma.

The other was Misaka Mikoto.

The girl must have just fired her Railgun from her fingertips because fifty meters of the bridge's asphalt had been torn to pieces.

Cold sweat dripped down Kamijou's cheeks as he faced her.

He spoke quietly while not bothering to wipe away the sweat.

"Hey, do we really have to begin here?"

"Y-yes, we do!! This is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!**, isn't it? Then we have to begin at the starting point!!"

"Ehhh? I don't really get it, but shouldn't we begin elsewhere? After all this is **A Certain Magical**-…"

"No! We can't!!"

Mikoto waved her hands around as she rejected the idea.

After all, this was her first and last time to shine. If it was skipped, she would have no chance to recover. But if she twisted the path of the story here, there was a decent chance of bringing the overall series more towards the science side.

She secretly clenched a fist.

"(A-after all, this is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical**

Index!! That means it has to go in the opposite direction of what it normally would! That means I won't be ignored and left out like I always am!!)"

"Hey, what are you muttering about, Biri Biri?"

"Nothing!! Just clench your fist already!!"

She began to wonder how she could alter the path of the story. If she was going to cause something new to happen, she could always break the entire bridge.

But her thoughts were interrupted.

"Stop right there, young ones."

Mikoto was unable to even spot the one who produced that graceful female voice.

She was simply struck by a sudden punch to the cheek and she flew over ten meters through the air. She flew from the sidewalk, across the road, onto the opposite sidewalk, and finally into the metal railing. With a loud crash, dust flew into the air and hid her from view.

"E-ehhh!? Are you okay, Misakaaa!?"

Kamijou was dumbfounded, but he had seen who had made the surprise attack.

Kanzaki Kaori was expressionlessly clenching her fist.

"It seems you believe this space is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!**, so I must give you a warning."

"B-before that, I want to see if Misaka is okay! And why did you choose such an acrobatic entrance, Kanzaki-san!?"

"No reason. It certainly was not because I always receive such a cold welcome and this girl always receives such a warm one."

The ponytailed older girl remained perfectly expressionless.

When Kamijou shuddered and glanced around, he spotted a shrine maiden on the edge of the bridge holding a metal pipe.

But Kanzaki continued speaking with no concern for Kamijou's condition.

"Two possibilities have presented themselves. **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!** or **I Don't Want This Final Story!!** The starting point and the goal. They are two extremes."

"Eh? But isn't it…?"

"Yes, it is July 19. But it might be one year since Volume 1. The current year and your and Misaka Mikoto's ages have not been mentioned."

"Th-then is this the final volume?"

"I am saying that we do not know. This might actually be the starting point. That is why we must find the answer. Is this the starting point or the goal? What we must do will change based on the answer."

Kamijou realized she was right.

When Kamijou gave an admiring comment, Kanzaki seemed to cheer up a bit.

"For the moment, let us work together. No matter what troublesome battles present themselves, you should have no trouble with me around. I will take care of all that, so you focus on determining whether-…"

Kanzaki did not manage to finish.

An orange beam of light, a Railgun, had flown in from the side and struck her face. With an explosion, her body was enveloped in dust.

"Gwaaaaah!?"

Her shout was accompanied by several tremendous crashing noises.

"E-ehhh!? Are you okay, Kanzakiiii!?"

Kamijou paled and he saw Mikoto slowly standing up in the corner of his vision. Her uniform was in tatters and her skin was covered in scrapes. A trail of blood flowed from her mouth and bluish white sparks crackled around her.

"Now you've done it. You're a maggot that never even managed to become a

pesky fly. Act like the side character you are and stay isolated in your British dorm, you idiot!! Gwa ha ha ha ha!!”

As she laughed, Mikoto fired Railgun after Railgun. Kamijou could only cover his head with his hands, crouch down, and tremble.

But someone else refused to remain silent.

That was Kanzaki Kaori herself.

“Nhhhhhhhhh!!”

After she blasted away the dust with pure force of will, a red light filled her eyes and she glared at Mikoto with her teeth bared.

“Someone who is safely in Academy City cannot possibly understand what it feels like to be shoved into the Anglican women’s dorm which is referred to as side character storage!! How do you expect me to be involved with the main character like that!?”

“Is it just me or has your character changed a bit!?” shouted Kamijou, but Kanzaki did not respond.

She reached for the hilt of the huge Japanese sword at her waist while charging toward Mikoto. Mikoto must have sensed that her major ability of the Railgun was not going to be enough because she began intercepting with lightning spears and iron sand swords.

Several unpleasant destructive noises followed.

The bridge was supposedly built to withstand earthquakes, but it began to shake like an unreliable suspension bridge. Kamijou had been almost completely abandoned and he could only cower on the ground.

“Dammit!! This is what happens after only a few minutes!? Does it even matter if this is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!** or **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**? How am I supposed to correct this!?”

Kamijou’s careless shout received a response from the side.

“That is Abandoned Misaka’s cue, says Misaka as she peers up at you from a cardboard box.”

“Aaahhh!! A Sister is wearing cat ears!?”

He had seen a shrine maiden holding a metal pipe when he had looked around earlier, but he had not seen this box. Who had placed it here and when?

The Sister spoke while ignoring that issue.

“Misaka’s Serial Number is 20002, says Misaka to introduce herself.”

The giant metal bridge was shaking ominously due to Kanzaki and Mikoto’s ongoing battle, but Abandoned Misaka did not seem to care.

“It seems only 20,000 clones were needed for the experiment, but too many were made. That is why Misaka is an unwanted Misaka, says Misaka as she tearfully explains how she reached this cardboard box.”

“So you were treated like leftover beef and potato stew after someone made too much for dinner? Honestly, what is wrong with Academy City?”

As Kamijou muttered to himself, Abandoned Misaka pulled out headbands containing dog ears, rabbit ears, and other ears.

“Do you intend to take Misaka in? asks Misaka. If you accept now, Misaka comes with a variety of options other than cat, says Misaka as she gives her sales pitch.”

“The ears don’t really matter. Hm? …You have tails too?” he asked as she began rummaging through the box.

But it seemed Abandoned Misaka wanted to quickly settle the issue.

“Misaka will explain the various options later, so please take her in, whispers Misaka from the box. In fact, the story cannot advance if you do not take Misaka in, warns Misaka.”

“I-I still haven’t decided whether I will nor not…”

“Sigh. It seems the cat parts alone lack the necessary impact, says Misaka while realizing her strategy was a failure. Misaka must begin from a new angle, says Misaka as she changes direction.”

2-20002

After removing the ears and tail, Abandoned Misaka pulled out a school swimsuit.

“How about this? asks Misaka.”

“Um, I’m not sure what to say when you just vaguely hold out a swimsui-… Wait, Abandoned Misaka! Don’t start changing out in the open!! Stop it, you idiot!!”

Kamijou tried to stop her, but he tripped and accidentally shoved her. The bridge usually had a metal railing, but Mikoto and Kanzaki’s intense battle and bent it to the point of being useless.

“Oh? says Misa-…”

Before she could finish speaking, Abandoned Misaka entered free fall.

After a short moment, Kamijou heard a splash.

“……”

As he stared blankly forward, he realized the sounds of the battle had stopped.

He looked over and saw Mikoto and Kanzaki staring at him as if they wanted to say something.

He panicked.

“Abandoned Misaka all of a sudden pulled out a school swimsuit!! I was trying to stop her!!”

“What is this about a swimsuit?” asked Kanzaki.

He had a feeling she would blush and try to punch him if he answered honestly, so he decided to save Abandoned Misaka. He dove off the bridge with the perfect form of a competitive diver.

The stage moved to the bank of the river 500 meters downstream.

“D-did I pass out? The sun has risen.”

Kamijou coughed up some muddy water and gasped for breath. An equally soaking wet Abandoned Misaka sat next to him. At some point, she had put back on the cat ears and tail.

She wrung the moisture from the triangular ears which had begun to droop from the water.

“We have succeeded in losing the two troublesome combat members, says Misaka to provide a mission report.”

“Wha-!?”

“They are too willful, so they will want to join in the conversation if they are nearby, further explains Misaka.”

Abandoned Misaka gave a smirk not usually seen on a Sister.

Life in the wild seemed to have changed her in some way.

“What is even happening anymore?”

As Kamijou sulked a bit, Abandoned Misaka continued speaking.

“More importantly, it is time for that white nun to land on your dorm balcony, responds Misaka as she checks the schedule.”

“That white nun? You mean Index?”

“But that is only if this is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!**, warns Misaka. It should not apply if this is **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**, further explains Misaka.”

“Is that still an issue?” said Kamijou in annoyance.

“Would you prefer to ignore all of that, take in Abandoned Misaka, and enjoy life with a kitten? suggests Misaka while revealing her true desire.”

“Bhh!? A-are you okay, Abandoned Misaka!? You didn’t have any bizarre information installed in you with the Testament, did you!?”

Kamijou grabbed her shoulders and shook her, but her expression did not change. Fearing that they truly would head down a bizarre path, Kamijou decided to take command of the situation.

“I might as well check to see if Index is on the balcony. And I’m soaking wet, so I need to head back to the dorm for a change of clothes anyway.”

“Abandoned Misaka is soaking wet as well, so what should she do? asks Misaka. Should Misaka strip naked for a bath event or would you prefer an event with me wearing one of your dress shirts? asks Misaka while suggesting a few options.”

(A-am I imagining it or is Abandoned Misaka more assertive than the others?)

They should have all had the same personality and knowledge installed at the lab, but he did not know what standards were used for inputting information.

“Oh, right. If the experiment isn’t over, do I have to stop that? Do I have to punch that pale guy again? What a pain.”

“So even if this is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!**, you still prefer to resort to violence without attempting to reconcile things peacefully? asks Misaka for confirmation.”

Kamijou and Abandoned Misaka ended up heading to his dorm in District 7.

“A number of special conditions have been added in, but things appear to be following Volume 1, says Misaka to express her thoughts.”

“I see. But we wouldn’t have anything to compare to otherwise, would we?”

Once he arrived in front of the dorm building, Kamijou circled around to the back of the building. The balcony was located there.

“Is that nun up there?”

He looked up and checked on the seventh floor.

He did not see anything on the metal railing.

Index was not there.

“Odd. So is this **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**?”

Just as Kamijou tilted his head, he saw a shadow.

The space between buildings was almost two meters, but he spotted someone jumping from rooftop to rooftop.

“Is that Index!?”

As soon as he shouted out, something resembling flames struck her back.

The trajectory of her jump altered and she fell. She struck the metal railing of the seventh floor and produced a dangerous-sounding noise.

“Wah!? That looks like it hurt!!”

“If this is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!**, something called a Walking Church should be in effect, reports Misaka as she holds a pamphlet in one hand.”

(But what if it’s **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**?)

As Kamijou fidgeted restlessly, Abandoned Misaka continued speaking while waving her cat ears.

“It appears she is falling further, says Misaka while pointing upwards.”

“Geh!?”

He looked back up and saw the white nun’s habit slip from the railing.

The nun fell directly toward him.

“W-wait!!”

“If you evade, she will die, reports Misa-”

He did not have time to listen to the end.

As he debated whether he should run away or catch her, the Anglican Church's Index Librorum Prohibitorum mercilessly crashed into him.

Kamijou quietly awoke to the taste of blood spreading through his mouth.

"U-uuh… Is this the hospital?"

He spoke that word with some faint hope, but…

"It isn't!? I'm in front of the dorm building! Dammit. If I wasn't taken directly to the hospital, does that mean the story isn't over yet!?"

"Of course it isn't, replies Misaka. You have yet to determine whether this is **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!** or **I Don't Want This Final Story!!** which was your initial task, says Misaka to make sure you understand."

"I thought we had dropped that issue."

Kamijou sat up while making a fairly taboo observation.

Index was lying limply on the ground, but she appeared unharmed.

When he looked closely, he realized her habit was held together by safety pins.

"Misaka did that, reports Misaka."

"???"

"As soon as she struck you, her habit fell to pieces, says Misaka as she describes the completely meaningless fan service scene."

"That's right. Fan service that happens between scenes accomplishes nothing."

As he lay on his back, tears poured from Kamijou's eyes, but nothing he did would let him see the nudity he had missed. He could only give up on seeing Index's naked body.

“But what do I do now?”

“According to the schedule, you receive boring supplementary lessons from Tsukuyomi Komoe and you fight Stiyl Magnus, says Misaka as she takes a secretary-like position.”

“Dah. I have to deal with Stiyl?” Kamijou turned toward Abandoned Misaka in annoyance. “You have a Metal Eater MX, right? Let’s take care of the Stiyl battle with a sniper shot. His card strategy is probably weak to long-distance attacks.”

“Misaka can do that, but he will be torn to pieces with a single shot, warns Misaka while pulling out the heavy weaponry.”

Despite her warning, Abandoned Misaka seemed oddly motivated. She may have been happy that she would have even more scenes.

Kamijou heard a metallic noise, and…

“Hey, where did you just pull that thing from?”

The Metal Eater was about 180 centimeters long.

“Well,” said Abandoned Misaka with a nod. “A girl’s body has plenty of hiding spots, answers Misaka with a serious expression.”

“Ehh!? Not enough to hide 180 centimeters!! I think that thing’s taller than you are!!”

Kamijou wanted a further explanation, but he quieted down once she said, “If you truly wish to know, Misaka can show you within her clothes.” It did not seem that she had disassembled it and hidden it in her clothes, but he had a feeling she would start removing her clothes again if he pressed her too hard. If that happened, the world’s morals would be done for.

As Kamijou ground his teeth, his father, Kamijou Touya, walked by.

“Hello, Touma. Why are you soaking wet on the first day of summer break?”

“Already!? But it isn’t time to go to the beach and people’s exterior and interior

haven’t been swapped out! Has Academy City’s security finally been broken even by someone like you!?”

“What are you talking about, Touma? A parent can make a request and get in through the proper channels. And periodically showing up where your child is living alone is a standard.”

If that happened in the main story, the Kamijou family could easily fall apart due to accusations of pedophilia, so Kamijou was unsure what to say.

At any rate…

“So why do you have a Sister with you? And why is she wearing dog ears and a dog tail?”

“Hm? I picked her up back there. …Hey, Touma. I’d heard Academy City’s technology and culture are twenty or thirty years ahead, so will Japan be filled with girl-shaped pets in the future?”

Touya was seriously worried about Japan’s future, but Kamijou seriously doubted that would happen. He did not entirely understand, but he had a feeling this was due to the tastes of someone at the top of Academy City.

Kamijou looked skeptically at the dog Sister standing next to Touya.

“So are you an Abandoned Misaka as well?”

“Misaka’s Serial Number is 50020, says Misaka to introduce herself.”

“I’d heard they made too many, but that’s going completely overboard!! Isn’t that well over twice the number they needed!?”

“But Misaka is no longer an Abandoned Misaka, proudly announces Misaka. Misaka has begun her second life as a Pet Misaka, reports Misaka as she chews on a bone.”

As Pet Misaka waved her distinctive ears, Kamijou turned toward Touya.

“Hey. Your Misaka had a variety of different ears in her cardboard box too, right?”

“What about it, Touma?”

“Does that mean this choice was based on your tastes?”

“Hah hah hah.” Touya opened his mouth wide as he laughed. “I love dogs. I personally think cats are a lot of trouble.”

“Why does he have to be my father?” complained Kamijou.

Meanwhile, the Abandoned Misaka stared at Touya’s face with her Metal Eater MX resting on her shoulder.

“Is this the target known as Stiyl Magnus? cautiously asks Misaka.”

“N-no! I forgot the Sisters had never met Stiyl!!”

“Then who is Stiyl Magnus? asks Misaka as she focuses on a middle-aged man walking down the street.”

“That’s Hino Jinsaku!! He’s not Stiyl!!”

Kamijou started to rush forward to stop Abandoned Misaka.

“Kyaaah!!”

But then he heard the scream of a cute girl.

Kamijou and Touya both turned in the direction of the scream.

Black smoke was rising from a building a short distance away. The relatively unfortunate girl named Itsuwa was waving her hands from a fifth floor window and shouting for help.

The flag-raising father and son fell silent.

Touya slowly loosened his tie and spoke to his son without looking away from the burning building.

“Touma, you know what we must do, don’t you?”

“Hah. Do you really have to ask?”

Kamijou held out his right fist, Touya held out his fist, and they lightly bumped them together. They had already left Abandoned Misaka and Pet Misaka behind.

And then the Kamijou father and son spoke in unison.

“Okay!! Let’s risk our lives to save a girl!!”

The two idiots raised their hands and delightedly charged into the burning building.

Kamijou Shiina then arrived with an expression that said, “I was too late!!”

She looked like someone who belonged in a high-class summer resort, but she cast aside that elegant aura as she shouted out.

“No!! You can’t let those two go in there!!”

“Oh, such lovely familial love, says Misaka in admiration while holding her Metal Eater in one hand.”

“That isn’t what I meant!!”

Shiina opened her eyes wide as she rejected Abandoned Misaka’s words.

Shiina’s fears lay elsewhere.

“Both Touya-san and Touma-san have such great attractive power on their own, so do you have any idea what will happen if they team up to resolve an incident!?”

“Eh?”

Abandoned Misaka and Pet Misaka turned back toward the burning building.

The scenery should have been dyed with the orange of the flames, but it almost seemed a pink light had enveloped everything.

Meanwhile, Komoe-sensei sat in a corner of the faculty room after Kamijou had skipped out on his supplementary lessons. She sat in her chair with her legs

crossed, she puffed on a thick cigar, and she stared at a glowing monitor, so she looked just like a villain manipulating everything from the shadows. To set the mood, she had created a dimly-lit area by drawing all the curtains in the middle of the day.

The monitor showed Kamijou Touma and Kamijou Touya in an exciting battle. Another window displayed tons of strange graphs.

“Hmm.”

Komoe-sensei poured an alcoholic drink into a transparent glass and muttered to herself.

“Which is it? **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!** or **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**?”

“By the way.”

Kamijou Touma suddenly spoke within a giant building that was enveloped in flames. It created the perfect atmosphere for a climax.

“We can just call this **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**, right?”

“What makes you say that, Touma?”

Touya looked confused. Incidentally, he was now shirtless and had his tie wrapped around his right fist.

“Is this the starting point or the goal?” continued Kamijou. “The easiest way of judging that would be my memory loss. If this is the starting point, I shouldn’t have any memories of Volume 2 and onwards. If this is the goal, I shouldn’t have any memories from before my memory loss. In other words, of Volume 1.”

“Wait. This is the first I’ve heard of you having memory loss.”

Touya gave him a reproachful look, but this was not the time to make his case concerning that. Kamijou continued speaking within the burning building.

“If you think about it, it’s obvious. I was pursuing the events of Volume 1, but someone else was always leading the way. Misaka and Kanzaki explained about the bridge on July 19 and Abandoned Misaka checked the schedule to know about Index landing on my balcony.”

In other words, Kamijou had only mentioned events from Volume 2 onwards and had relied on others for the events of Volume 1. As such, he was the Kamijou Touma after losing his memories and it could not be the starting point. That did not meet the requirements for **I Don't Want This First Story of A Certain Magical Index!!**, so it had to be **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**

After gathering his thoughts, Kamijou spoke once more.

“The biggest problem would be Index’s Walking Church. Abandoned Misaka said it fell apart when she struck me, but that can be explained away as the impact causing the safety pins holding it together to fall off.”

“I don’t know about Volume 1 and 2, so this explanation doesn’t really help,” said Touya with a tilt of the head.

In response, Kamijou made an even more important announcement.

“But that mystery and its solution aren’t what truly matters!!!”

“Momentum!? Are you just going to force your way through on momentum, Touma!?”

“Now that we know this is **I Don't Want This Final Story!!**, a truly horrible ending is sure to happen!!”

“Touma, what do you mean!?”

“We need to be prepared for any number of dangers: all of the heroines being slaughtered one by one, the world being utterly destroyed, the final boss winning, the author dying without finishing it, etc.!!”

As soon Kamijou finished shouting, *it* finally arrived.

I Don't Want This Final Story!!

The Kamijou father and son had charged into the burning building.

The one waiting for them was Aogami Pierce.

“Mwa ha ha ha ha! Did you never find it odd that I was content with the position I had been given!?”

Laura and Aleister lay thoroughly beaten at his feet.

And he explained the entirety of his master plan.

None of the foreshadowed elements were touched on as the story continued on.

Kamijou’s former classmate ignored every tsukkomi Kamijou threw at him.

The reliable spy named Tsuchimikado Motoharu made a suicide attack, but Aogami Pierce escaped unscathed.

However, it turned out Aogami Pierce had an unexpected weakness.

But…

“Bahh!? Then what meaning was there in Tsuchimikado’s death!?”

By the time Kamijou shouted out, it was too late.

After crying for his friend who had died the most useless death in the history of the world, Kamijou Touma began a final attack.

“Gh… This is a complete mess!! And all femininity vanished a while back!! There were tons of important things foreshadowed like Kazakiri Hyouka and Accelerator! What about Imagine Breaker’s identity? Or my memory loss!? Can it really end like this!?”

“That’s just how it is, Kami-yan.” Aogami Pierce gave a lovely smile as Kamijou protested. “The worst ending is one with no real excitement where everything just kind of ends, right?”

“Gyaah!! Y-you bastard! Even if it’s supposed to be an unwanted ending, that’s going too far!! W-wait. Is it really going to end? After dragging everything out for so long, it’s going to end without a proper resolution!? If it ends like this, no one’s going to remember it three days later! Wait! I’ll do it!! I’ll give it an ending!! Okay, here goes. 5, 4, 3… Wait!! I’ll give it an ending, so wait just a bit longer!”

No matter what he said, the final volume was already over.

It would be wise to ignore Kamijou Touma’s futile efforts and look forward to the author’s next work.